



DEVOTED TO THE INTERESTS OF WOMAN.

AMELIA BLOOMER,

EDITOR AND PUBLISHER.

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NO. 3.

Written for the Lily.
FOR AN ALBUM.
BY FRANCES D. GAGE.

Oh! it is beautiful,
Still to be dutiful,
While here below,
Loving increasingly—
Striving unceasingly
Right still to know.

Onward, unwearily
Upward still cheerily,
Where'er thou art,
Goodness and purity,
E'en in obscurity,
Ruling thy heart.
For there's no offering
Earth can to heaven bring,
Maiden like thee—
If thou art beautiful
Loving and dutiful—
Holy and free.

THE WIDOW'S APPEAL.

Stay, stay thy hand—Oh! tempt him not
For he is all that's left to me,
The sunshine of my lonely lot,
The partner of my misery—
My youngest born,
His father's pride—
Oh! tempt him not,
Take all beside.

Take all beside, but leave my boy,
Nor tempt him with the accursed bowl,
He is the widow's only joy,
The solace of her troubled soul.
Father and friend
Thy victims fell—
Oh! spare the boy
I love so well.

Thrice have I seen the cold grave yawn,
And swallow, in its darkest gloom,
The forms I've loved from earliest dawn—
And thou, alas, didst seal their doom.
The tempting bowl,
Thy hand did hold
And all was done
For paltry gold.

Those painful scenes I can forget,
This bruised heart can heal again,
And burning tears shall no more wet
These pallid cheeks so sunk with pain;
All is forgiven,
If thou'lt but swear,
By thy hope of heaven
Thou wilt forbear.

And tempt no more my darling boy,
To taste those bitter dregs of woe,
No more the mother's peace destroy;

But onward let thy footsteps go,
To seek the lost
From virtue's ways,
And joy shall crown
Thy future days!

Written for The Lily.
TALES OF TRUTH.
BY FRANCES D. GAGE.

Polly Dean was as merry and rosy a blue-eyed belle as ever pulled flax upon a hillside, or flourished a home-made checked apron in a log cabin in the Western clearings. Polly was a belle in more than one sense—First, she was the prettiest girl in the diggins, (I am speaking after the manner of men you know, who always put beauty before all other considerations.) Second, she was the smartest, could get the best dinners, spin the most cuts of yarn in a week, pile brush the fastest at the chopping bees, and dance the lightest and gayest at the log rollings and quiltings; and what was more than all put together, she was the only daughter of Esq. Dean the owner and proprietor of the large valley farm where the county seat had just been located, and where, already, ten log houses, a blacksmiths shop, a shoe makers stall, and a hewed log tavern stood up imposingly upon the banks of the stream and took upon themselves the sounding name of Deenville.

The whole people of the county that could be named, according to the Constitution of the State—that is, "the free white male inhabitants over twenty one," would not have numbered more than five hundred. But these "free white male inhabitants," had their counterparts in the shape of angels, who wore home made frocks and coarse calf skin shoes—did the washing, cooking, spinning, weaving, darning and mending; dropped the corn in the spring time and helped husk it in the winter; milked all the cows, (for that was work quite beneath the dignity of free white men in those days,) took all the care of the children, and made home a sort of paradise, by keeping up great fires and having plenty of roast turkeys and venison hams, (roasted, you know, by hanging on a string before the fire) and corn cakes baked on a board, to cheer their lords and masters when they should return from the jolly wolf hunt, the shooting match, the general training, or such other chivalrous sports, which lightened the labors and cheered the toils of the backwoodsmen of Ohio forty years ago.

But I was talking about Polly Dean, wasn't I? Well she was just the prettiest, smartest and richest girl in the county of — no matter what county. It was "way out west," forty years since, but now it's in the very heart of civilization, and the centre of the United States—so it don't matter what county it was. And Polly was the belle of course,

Now I forgot to tell you that Deenville, being the county seat, had a court house in it made of

stout beach logs two feet through; and the court house had a jail of the same sort; and the jail would have prisoners now and then, and the prisoners must have a lawyer, and the lawyer, as a matter of course, again—next to the proprietor of the town, would be the big man, or the beau, towards whom all the eyes of the unwedded angels in homespun in the county of — would turn. While his eyes would turn (as a matter of course again) to the belle and heiress of the village.

This was exactly the position of affairs, when Polly Dean met John Wells, the lawyer, at a husking frolic, given in honor of her birthday, one moonshiny night in October—when Polly had reached that sighed for era in every girls life, eighteen—when the statute books proclaim her to be a free woman. That is, she is free to marry the man she chooses without asking her father. I never could see any other freedom it conferred, except it was the freedom of earning her own living—which, by the way, they most all have to do, long before that time arrives.

John Wells was as big as a common giant; "right good looking," (so the girls said,) and a very good specimen of a backwoods lawyer; for though the judges and jurors were not much afraid of the weight of his arguments, they had a high conception of the strength of his fists—of which they had felt the force in more than one instance, when not on the bench or box.

But, la! what a long story I am making! John Wells fell in love with Polly Dean at first sight—how could he help it? and she fell in love with him, and they were married and set up for themselves, and were the aristocracy of Deenville.

But bless your hearts! things ain't now as they used to was; Mrs. Lawyer Wells didn't think nothing of doing her own washing out under the shade of the great beach that stood by the spring right where every body could see her, nor of spinning tow all day on the front porch that had no other lattices to hide her from the villagers than the luxuriant gourd vine that grew gourds that would hold two gallons apiece. What nice wash ladles they did make! John Wells was a great man. The people liked him, and they liked his sensible wife too, and so they sent him twice to the Assembly and then they sent him twice to the Senate; and I don't know but they would have sent him twice to Congress if it had not been for Polly—at least the tending politicians said it was all her blame. May be it was. I'll tell you how it happened.

In those days it was thought a real disgrace to have a quilting, husking party, spinning bee, or any other gathering and not send round a glass of whiskey toddy once or twice of an evening. Real good raw whiskey, sweetened up nice with home-made sugar or molasses; and the young men all tasted, and thought it quite *oufenteel* not to get a little bit mellow and warm on such occasions. (And to tell you the plain truth, Mrs. Bloomer, though I don't want you to tell it again,

I have seen the girls eyes sparkle late in the evening. But may be it was only because) well no matter—that ain't what I was going to tell you.

John Wells would have a "little of something to take"—would be manly when he was out among folks; and Polly (wives are so apt to be suspicious) began to suspect that he did really sometimes take more of the "O be joyful" than he really needed to do him good—and she said so once or twice, or near that often, right out;—for Polly was "a Woman's Right's man" and would speak her own mind.

But John insisted that it was not so. That a man needed something to keep him a going, and that with all his cares and anxieties, and the heavy pressure of "State affairs" harrowing his mind, the stimulus could not be dispensed with.

Polly did not think it any more necessary for John to have a dram every morning to help him to strength to talk politics at his office, or to lounge all day before the log tavern, than it was for her to have the same amount of stimulus to enable her to cook, wash, scrub, work the garden, sew, and take care of six children—for while we have been telling our story, the merry, bright-eyed, nimble-footed girl has become the pale, dim-eyed, toiling, broken mother of six children; and worse than all, oh! worse than all—a drunkard's daughter and a drunkard's wife.

Polly's father, who at the time of her marriage was counted a rich man in this new world, had by the slow and sure wastage of intemperance lost all, or nearly all, of his substance; and the little that was left was no longer considered as the property to be of John Wells. For since the first year of his daughter's marriage, there had been a deadly feud between the father and his children. Old Esq. Dean was not the man to brook a rival in the affections of his people, and John Wells was the very man to fill a rival's place.—He was a jolly fellow, and shrewd withal, and made a pretty good living—that is, Polly managed to do pretty well for herself and children by the dint of spinning, weaving, making garden, raising a patch of corn and potatoes, and so on—up to the time about which we are just going to tell you.

Every additional public honor laid upon poor John's shoulders, seemed to require additional stimulus. When "the dear people" made him Prosecuting Attorney he drank one dram a day, and only got mellow upon occasion. When they sent him to the Legislature he took two, perchance four drams to strengthen his brains thro' the day, and got mellow in the evening only.—But when he went to the Senate his drams grew past counting; he kept mellow day and night.—And poor Polly could hardly recognize the proud, bold, manly man that she took for better or worse ten years before, in the blue-nosed, blur-eyed, bloated semblance of a man that returned to her after an absence of some three months.

Poor Polly! she wept, prayed, and remonstrated—toiled, struggled, and grew pale from day to day and from week to week; but no hope of amendment cheered her fainting heart.

She had never drank, never tasted, even, the fell beverage that had been the bane of her childish years and was now blighting all the joys of her matron life with its withering curse. John made out to keep about—never got so terribly drunk but that he could talk and discuss the nation's prosperity and safety; and never was he so staunch a patriot, never such an opposer of wrong and misrule, as when he had as big "a brick in his hat" as he could walk straight under.

And so his clique set him up for Congress. It was going to be a hard fought election—a terrible hard fought election—for John's antagonist was a sober farmer that would not stand a treat. He was "as mean as pusley,"—so said the Wellsites. So John got a whole barrel of liquor and set it on his porch, and treated every man that would drink. But unfortunately (nobody ever could guess how it happened) the plug got out of the half inch auger hole in the head of the barrel one night and the contents all ran out.

Polly said, "may be her gown had loosened it switching back and forth"—for she had spun two days work the day before, and every thread she wound up she had to brush right past the head of the whiskey barrel, and more than once her gown had caught on that same tap.

I said John was shrewd; so he was, and he looked right into Polly's eyes while she said that "may be," and ever after that he took his friends down to the hewed log tavern to drink with him for the nation's glory.

Things were growing no better, fast. Home was almost deserted; its comforts entirely neglected. Polly grew paler and weaker. A seventh member was about to call upon her for love and care. The wood pile was exhausted; the flour barrel empty; the pork barrel in sympathy with it; and trials, more than woman ought to bear meekly, stared the poor wife in the face.

John had been three days, night and day, at the tavern, so beastly "blue," that he did not even make an attempt to get home. Polly grew desperate, and resolved to do something—to make one more effort to reclaim her husband—for he was still her husband, the man of her love, and the father of her children.

She knew that the most sensitive point in his character was pride; that he was proud of her and never so lost to himself and the deep tones of his own soul, but that an impropriety of hers would arouse him to all a husband's jealous care.

It was growing near nightfall the third day of his absence, Saturday eve, and three days before the election, which every one was sure would go in his favor. Half the village voters were gathered round the tavern to "cuss and discuss" the pending crisis of affairs.

John Wells had got out on the horse-block before the door, and with a face as red as a full blown peony, and a tongue as thick as—as a man's who is just as drunk as he can stand, was making a speech to a throng of "free white men," as sober and sensible as himself, when his wife appeared round the corner and walked straight up the steps into the bar-room.

"I want a half pint of whiskey, Mr. Smith," said Polly, and she threw down a sixpence upon the counter with the air of an old customer.

Mr. Smith handed her the liquor. She took the glass and walking to the door drank it down, smacked her lips with a seeming relish, and set herself down carelessly upon the door steps in plain sight of the speaker on the horse-block.

The whole crowd turned to look—the speech was wound up short. A murmur of derision ran through the assembled mass. John descended from his stand with a much steadier step than he ascended. The intensity of his feelings had sobered him. He walked up to his wife and with as kind a tone as he could command, said, "come Polly let's go home."

"Go home!" said Polly. "why John Wells, I just came from home, and it's a fool to this place. I knew you was taking real comfort down here, so I thought I'd come down too, and get away from them squalling young ones. I don't wonder you stay down here; Smith has first rate liquor, and I'm tired and hungry and need a stimulus to keep me a going. Give me a half pint more Mr. Smith—John and I. We don't often get to take a drink together now a days."

"Come Polly, go home with me this instant," said John in a tone of authority.

"Oh! the terrible sus; you think I am going right straight back 'fore I've fairly got here do you? Why John Wells, you ain't fair; you've been here three days and I think you might let me stay long enough to take the second drink! Come Smith be in a hurry with that half pint."

Smith handed her the mug and with a "here's health to you, John," she was about to gulp it down, when John sprang forward, caught it from her hand and hurled it, glass and all, into the middle of the street. Then seizing his wife with the strength of a giant, he bore her away without uttering a word.

The bystanders were silent a moment also, and

then muttering curses and remarks were heard, and one after another each shrank away to their homes.

John Wells did not pause till he reached his own door-sill with his now passive burthen.—They entered and he threw himself into a chair and burst into tears. His wife allowed him to weep in silence.

"Oh Polly," he at last exclaimed, "you have ruined me forever." "I," said Polly, "no not I—but you have well nigh ruined yourself, John. If it is right for you to live at the tavern, it is right for me. If it is good for you to drink, it is good for me. What my husband can do without being disgraced, I can do without bringing disgrace upon him. And now, John, mark my words. The examples you expect me to follow, set for me.—The path in which you expect me to walk, must be first trodden by your own feet. I promised before God to forsake all others and cleave only unto you, and so help me heaven, I will do it."

"Polly," said John, starting to his feet as her last words fell upon his ear.

"What, John?" she replied with her own soft voice.

"I will never, so help me heaven, drink another drop of ardent spirits."

Again he folded his wife in his arms, and wept over her. Who does not know how easily an inebriate will weep?

Polly went about her work joyfully; her plan had so far exceeded all her hopes. But let me whisper to you reader, she had not drank a drop of whiskey nor did she intend to. Smith had only filled her glass with water.

John got up the next morning duly sober; and what was more, did not go to the tavern that day; nor the next, nor the next, which was the election day; and when he went to the Court House he refused to treat, and so he lost his election.

There were a great many different opinions as to the propriety, or impropriety of Polly Wells' manœuvres. The men, with few exceptions, condemning in her, even a semblance of their own every day habits; and the majority, I believe, of the women, stoutly maintained that men must have indulgences to sin, over and above their weaker companions. A few—a precious little few, insisted that she could not have done a wiser or a wittier thing. For say what they would about it, it had had its effect, and John Wells had not been seen at the tavern since.

I am inclined to think it had its effect for good through the whole community, for a drinking candidate has never been popular since in the County of —.

John Wells lived to a good old age, and he was often heard to say, that he believed solemnly, that if he had not been brought to feel the deep shame and humiliation in his own heart, which he had so often laid upon the heart of his good wife, he never should have had power to have resisted temptation, and up to his dying day, he stoutly maintained the doctrine that society would never be harmonious and beautiful until men learned to practice in heart and life, the same purity and virtue which they require at the hands of woman. And what was more, he insisted, "that so long as man claimed to be the superior of woman, mentally, educationally, physically and politically, it was his duty to stand as her superior morally, and to guide and guard her in her weakness, and keep her in his heart of hearts, free from all sorrow and wrong."

THE LAW IN PORTLAND.

Mr. R. R. Robinson was on Friday convicted on two complaints of selling liquor through his clerk. His clerk, Rodmond Townsend, was also fined for the same cases—the fines in all amounting to \$60, which Mr. Robinson paid. Both Mr. R. and the clerk gave a written acknowledgement of having sold in two other cases—and agreed that they would sell no more, in case no farther prosecutions were made against them.—Portland Advertiser.

LETTER FROM MRS. STANTON To the Woman's Temperance Convention.

DEAR FRIENDS:—Though I cannot be present with you to take part in your deliberations at the coming convention, yet I take great pleasure in sending you a letter expressive of the deep interest I feel in your efforts in the cause of Temperance. I hail any movement on the part of woman that shows the coming up of the active principle within—a determination in her to remedy the evils she has so long supinely endured. The true reformer has two great works that should be carried on at the same time. One is to mollify and relieve the sufferings caused by existing evils; the other, and far higher work, is to prevent their recurrence by seeking out, and removing, if possible, their causes. The one is superficial and fragmentary; the other goes to the depths of the spiritual existence of man. For our present outward work I would suggest two points for your consideration.

1st. The importance to this cause that woman exercise her right to the elective franchise. Inasmuch as this monster Intemperance is in part a creature of law, we who are its innocent victims ought surely to have a voice in putting him down.

2nd. It is our sacred duty to create a new public sentiment in regard to the marriage obligations of Drunkards' wives. We must raise a higher standard of virtue, heroism, and true womanhood. Heretofore, it has been thought the duty of woman to love, honor and obey her husband, no matter what his transformation might be, from the lover, to a tyrant, licentiate or beast. And loud and long have been the praises bestowed on those wives who have loved and lived on, in filth, poverty and rags, the wretched companion of a drunkard's sorrows, and the more wretched mother of his ill-starred children.

Alas! how many excellent women have dragged out a weary existence in such a partnership, from mistaken ideas of duty—from a false sense of religious obligation!

Think you God ever joined together virtue and vice—purity and obscenity—a soul of heavenly aspirations, with a creature of the lower appetites? No! never!!

It is love and sympathy alone that constitutes and sanctifies true marriage, and any woman sacrifices her claims to virtue and nobility, who consents to live in the relation of wife with any man, whom she has ceased to love and respect. Such companionship, call it what you may, is nothing more or less than legalized licentiousness.

Let us encourage—yea, urge—those stricken ones, who are kept down by crude notions of God's laws, and the tyranny of a false public sentiment, to sunder those unholy ties, to save themselves from such debasing contact, and to escape the guilt of stamping on the brow of innocence, a nature so low and carnal as is that of the confirmed drunkard. But what is the cause of drunkenness, licentiousness and gluttony—for all these are but different manifestations of the same internal malady. Is it not the preponderance of the animal over the spiritual nature? And so long as by the excessive self-indulgence of our times, we continue to cultivate this already overgrown animal nature, we must look for the continuance of these vices.

Could we change the form of the vice, and make all men gluttons, rather than drunkards, what essential service have we performed for the race? What better are brains, befogged with meats and pastry, than those enlivened by rum?

If we would now begin a lasting work—if we would take onward steps that need never be retraced, we must give up our idle, luxurious habits, and begin a life of self-denial and activity. Let us but cultivate the *spiritual* in ourselves and children, with half the assiduity we have the animal, and we shall soon see a mighty change in our midst. It is not in Conventions, dear friends, that our best work begins.

The radical reform must start in our homes, in our nurseries, in ourselves.

"An ounce of prevention is better than a pound of cure." For all these drunkards, gluttons and voluptuaries that meet the eye on all sides, some mother is responsible. Let woman live simply, work diligently with her hands, set her heart's affections on worthy objects, exercise her brain on great subjects of practical utility and lofty speculation—let her ambition be to do something to make her race better and happier—seeking not a life of ease, but one of activity, nobly and independently living out her highest ideas of right, regardless of the world's dread frown. Such a mother will of necessity stamp nobility and virtue on the brow of her child, and we need have no fears of his spirit ever being brought into subjection to the animal, his lofty aspirations to the lower appetites—his innate love of the grand, the beautiful, the good, the true, being supplanted by a taste for low pleasures or gross associations.

Yours truly,

E. C. STANTON.

LETTER FROM MRS. GAGE.

MOUNT AIRY, FEB. 16th.

DEAR MRS. BLOOMER:—I did most seriously intend when I wrote you last, to have sent you another "Tale of Truth" ere this; and it is not for the want of material, I do assure you, that I have not done so; for were I able to pen all the "truths stranger than fiction" that have fallen under my observation in life, connected with the drinking of ardent spirits, and pen but one a month, I fear I might go down to the narrow house with the silvery hairs of four score and ten upon my brow and leave the half untold.

No, it was not for want of material, but for want of time. A school-girl's excuse, you will answer. There you are wrong again; not a school girl's excuse, but the excuse of a school girl's mother—aye, and of a school boy's mother, too. Mrs. Bloomer, did you ever in your life undertake to mend the slitted shirt bosoms, patch the coats, mend the trousers, sew the buttons on the vests, darn the socks and hem the kerchiefs for six boys? If you never did, you cannot fully appreciate the excuse of a school boy's mother; and until such a time shall arrive, I pray you suspend judgment and give me your pardon for all my short comings. The time used to be, when I could work faster than I can now—when I did not have to take sight more than three times to thread a needle, and was not forced to take a nap daily to keep going—when I could, upon occasion, scribble a page in the stillness of night when the long hours were verging into the short ones. But that is all gone by—*and bless you Mrs. Bloomer, I don't wonder!*—and you wouldn't either, if you were to see all those boys and girls of mine. The two girls taller than their mother, and the two oldest boys, even before they are able to vote, looking clear over the heads of common people; and all the rest showing a determination not to be outdone by their elder brothers.

Do you think I am making an apology? Not I. If the shirts need to be repaired, or the other garments,

"With needle and shears
Made to look almost as well as new."

I am the one to do it. Yes, and to bake the biscuits, and boil the potatoes too, if need be, for these loved ones of mine. And if I can't get time this same month of Feb., which has its five Sundays, to give my thoughts to your good readers, I will give them all the more cheerily to my own. If I can't make a commotion in the midst of the sea, I can throw my pebble into the edge of the ocean, and who knows but the eddying ripples may widen their circles, till they reach not only the centre, but the outermost verge of the waters of life.

I love to scribble, but I love better to see happy and cheerful faces around my hearth; and if either is to be neglected for a time, let it be my pen.

But it is only now and then that these hurried

days come, when I cannot do both—when I cannot make my home cheerful, and give out my thoughts to others—not polished up and elaborated, like a model work-stand, altogether too nice to be useful—but rough, earnest, and free, and such as everybody may handle without the fear of doing them an injury.

When "Aunt Fanny" was younger than she is now, they used to tell me that a woman who wrote "pieces" for the papers was one who did not know how to make bread, and would sooner think of being dissolved in dew some glorious summer morning, than of washing a husband's shirt—that the hooks were always all off her dresses, her shoes down at the heel, her hair uncombed, her face covered with ink, her children crying for bread, the hearth unswept, the bed unmade, &c. Oh dear me! what a dreadful thing it was in those days for a woman to think, or at least speak what they thought. But thanks to this age of steam, these things are all done away with; and a woman can now write "pieces" for the papers without neglecting duty, or putting on "blue stockings," just as easily as she used to cut up her old calico frocks, and white cotton shirt-flaps into inch pieces, to sew them together again to make bed quilts, twenty years ago.

Well, as tabby-cats and pieced quilts go down with the ladies, I trust that literature and free thought will come up—and it may be finally fully an undeniably demonstrated, that a talented, wise and learned woman, does not make a bit worse housekeeper, wife, or mother, than one who only knows how to read. Let us wait for the good time coming.

AUNT FANNY.

For the Lily.

"RESOLVED: That as we are not the *purse-holders*, but inasmuch as *gold* can be won by *labor*, we do not hesitate to use that manner of acquiring the means necessary to the carrying out of our plans of reform."

Did anybody notice this, the sixth resolution adopted by the Women's Temperance convention? If not I wish to call attention to it as embodying important motives for action—motives which I trust every woman who sees it will feel herself called to act upon, and will find all sufficient to remove the stigma which a false standard of respectability has thrown upon those women who labor with their hands. Now I contend that all labor is honorable; and if honorable as a means of acquiring the necessities and luxuries of life, then doubly so, if used to afford us the power of accomplishing good designs, and benefiting others. God help the poor silly woman who considers it a disgrace to work; and the woman who works unworthy her society, for her's is indeed a pitiable case; especially in a country like this, where society and monetary affairs are continually fluctuating. But Sisters! what a glorious motive for labor, to acquire means to carry out reforms, in which our hearts are engaged. Who would not willingly then avoid the degradation of asking for the parsimoniously doled-out shillings and sixpences, which our "lords" the purse-holders, all the time feel would be better expended on cigars, or some other equally important masculine necessity. How many a woman has had her warm sympathies checked by the refusal of her husband to supply her with money, as much her own as his, to bestow when her judgment taught her it would be well bestowed, while he perhaps would lay out twice the sum she needed, for some insignificant and useless trifle. Women can accomplish far less than their desires for good, while they are pecuniarily dependent upon the other sex. Let them show their determination to acquire the means of acting benevolently, and they will thus prove themselves to be possessed of capacities, which men are often times disposed to deny. It is no disgrace to labor, and surely when the act is sanctified by a glorious motive, it is worthy the attention of each fair daughter of Eve.

Oswego, Feb., 1852.

M. C. V.

EQUALITY OF RIGHTS TO WOMAN. NO. 7.

In looking after the reasons which the advocates of Woman's exclusion from an equality of political rights have put forward as the grounds of the propriety of such exclusion, I will not venture to assert what they are or may be, but take them as already given not long since in a prominent political newspaper. They were there marshalled into three divisions, each of which was assumed to be sufficient to overwhelm opposition. First, that there was no considerable number of men in the country, who had confessed their inability to conduct the affairs of government as society and government are at present constituted. To this I will only say, we are not informed that George the III. ever confessed his inability to govern the American Colonies, nor have we any reason to believe that he ever doubted his ability. Yet our forefathers deliberately came to the conclusion that they would try to govern themselves without his assistance, and they as deliberately used the necessary means to secure the exercise of their choice of government. If the argument we are noticing be sound, they were guilty of a gross error. They should have submitted to the Royal will and pleasure of the House of Brunswick, until such time as it pleased that Royal House to confess its inability to govern.

The second reason is, that the women, excepting those who associate in the "Woman's Rights Conventions," are not ambitious to engage in the task of having a voice in the government to which they are subjected. I am not now ready to assent to the truth of this, nor shall I be, until they have had the opportunity and refused to accept. Subdued, if not degraded, must be the character of those who will choose servitude of any kind in preference to freedom. It is not, like the first reason, new, but an old and very common stratagem of oppression, to make the world believe that its victims prefer their lot to any of the allurements, or advantages which liberty can furnish. The argument is really this; not that all bondage, or any specific kind of bondage, is justifiable, but that such a system or degree of bondage as crushes and annihilates all desire of freedom, is not only justifiable, but desirable. The assumption is, that women are in such bondage and of course always desire to remain so; therefore any attempt to cast off their servitude, or abate its severity, is high treason to the rights of the other sex. Now, if some women, or even a majority, prefer bondage to freedom and they are to have their choice, is that any reason, or any part of a reason, why those who choose freedom should be enslaved? It is true we live in a majority government, and where the majority rule, but there are many things which that majority cannot *rightfully* do; and among them, they cannot enslave the minority, or take from them the ordinary rights of citizenship. Otherwise, we should have a despotism, and neither its character would be changed, or its burdens lessened by the multitude of the despots.

The third and last reason, is the maternity argument and its consequences of the nursery.—And here allow me to quote the language, lest I may be charged of doing injustice to the author. He says: "If this system did not destroy the marriage relation and if woman's rights were 'not confined to spinsters, then under the new system we might expect women at certain times 'to appear under circumstances of embarrassment. The daily sittings of our courts would 'be interrupted to allow Judge, Jury, Suitor and 'Counsel to do those things, which in this less 'advanced age, are thought to be most suited to 'the nursery. Our military system would need 'amendments to enable officers and men, or 'rather women endeavoring to be men, before 'review or battle, to retire for nursery duty."

It appears that this maternity argument and its consequences, are regarded as the most troublesome obstacles to woman's rights, and the basis of all the claims to exclusiveness on the part of

the aristocracy of sex. There are two reasons why we should treat it gently. Except a little aristocracy of "color," it is the only aristocracy left in our Bill of political franchises—and in those who use it, it betrays a veridancy, if not a juvenility that indicates a very recent and perhaps premature escape from the nursery and its ancillary accommodations.

The argument is, some women at some times could not conveniently perform the duties of Judge, Legislator and military commander, because of the duties of the nursery. Therefore all women should at all times be excluded from all political franchises: or in shorter form, because some women are and will be mothers, all women shall be nothing else. This is making maternity not merely an inconvenience, but a crime—inflicting the penalty not on the delinquents alone, but on all the sex alike—not only on one age, but on all ages. Some women may have been so inconsiderate as to have thought that the God of Nature had imposed physical ills on maternity sufficient to propitiate for any crime they were committing, without being excluded from the common rights of humanity as a further penalty for the sin of maternity. Now I would like to ask these fastidious gentlemen who have such recent and disagreeable recollections of the nursery, why they cannot just as well and in the same way, disfranchise the whole race, themselves included. Very few men can perform all of the various offices of government and none can do the whole at one and the same time. They are as frequently disabled by sickness as women, and because some are and all may be, why not on the same principle, exclude the whole from the rights of citizenship? If physical misfortunes are to produce political disabilities in the one sex, why not in the other? If maternity is a crime, these gentlemen are the results of crime, and "do men gather grapes of thorns, or figs of thistles?" It may be true that an individual is not to blame for being born, but I am yet to learn that there is any discrimination of sex in that respect.

The trouble in their reasoning is, the major proposition of their logic is all wrong. It assumes a principle utterly foreign to our political polity and every other, and equally abhorrent to common sense and common honesty. It is this, that every individual should be excluded from the common rights of citizenship, who is not capacitated to discharge and so circumstanced that he can discharge any and all official duties involved in the transactions of the government. Neither our government or any other ever recognized such a principle. But this is not the extent of the error in their premises. They have run their reasoning still further into the ground. Each and every individual of the same sex, must be so capacitated and circumstanced at any and all periods of life, beyond the possibility of even temporary interruption, or the whole are disfranchised. No proposition short of this in comprehension, would authorize their conclusion.

A question or two to these fastidious gentlemen and I have done with them and their namby-pamby arguments. If they are serious in their apprehensions of "circumstances of embarrassment" and inconvenience to result from the contingent liabilities of maternity in case women are allowed to appear in public as Judges and Jurors, why not similar apprehensions for their appearance in any other character? If from very propriety they are to be excluded in an official character, why not exclude them as witnesses and spectators? If from the Court House, why not from the churches and public and social assemblies of all descriptions?

SENEX.

A man should never be ashamed to own he has been in the wrong, which is but saying in other words, that he is wiser to-day than he was yesterday.

As easily expect oaks from a mushroom bed, as great and durable product from small and hasty efforts.

THE AMERICAN COSTUME.

[We copy the following from that most respectable and even venerable authority, CHAMBER'S EDINBURGH JOURNAL:]

"So it is that our people see women every day defying common sense and good taste by the length of their skirts, and say little about it, but no sooner observe one or two examples of a dress verging a little too far in an opposite direction, than they raise the shout of a persecuting ridicule. We say there may be some little extravagance in the Bloomer idea, but it is common sense itself in comparison with the monstrous error and evil which it seeks to correct.

That some reform is wanted, all the male part of creation agree. Many of the ladies, too, admit the inconvenience of the long skirts which have been for some years in fashion, though they profess to be unable to break through the rule. Let there simply be a reduction of the present nuisance, an abbreviation of those trolloping skirts by which every man walking beside the wearer is not unfrequently defiled.

If the question is between the present skirts and Bloomerism, then we are Bloomerites; for we would rather consent to error in the right direction than the wrong one.

We have alluded to fashion and its slavery. It is a curious subject, not unworthy of even a philosophic attention. In the late wonderful exhibition of the industrial arts of the civilized world, how many admirable devices were presented for articles of utility and ornament! What an idea did it in its general effect give of the amount of ingenious intellect exercised on such matters! Yet we never see any of the same taste and ingenuity exercised in the fashioning of clothes. Milliners and tailors appear to be the most brainless of all professions. We scarcely remember to have seen a new fashion proceed from them which accorded with true elegance, and which did not tend to deform rather than adorn the human person. At present they make a woman into a bell-shaped object, painful from the sense of its incompleteness—feet being wanting. Always some absurdity reigns conspicuous in their models of form. Each of them will tell you: "We cannot help it—it is the fashion." But whence comes the fashion, if not from some of their own empty heads? And how is it that no one of them can help it, but that no one of them has the sense or spirit to devise, set forth, and promote anything better? The tailors are better than the milliners, and do not in general misdirect mankind to such an extent as to call for a particular effort of resistance; but the women are treated by their dressmakers in a way which would call for and justify a rebellion. A friend of ours goes so far as to say that the one thing above all which convinces him of the inferiority of the female mind generally to the male, is the submission which women show to every foolish fashion which is dictated to them, and that helplessness which they profess under the most torturing and tyrannical rules.

TEMPERANCE GLEANINGS.

The apothecaries of Bangor, Me., who were duly licensed last May to sell ardent spirits for medical and mechanical purposes, have been requested by the city government to relinquish their license and the sale on, or before, the first day of January next.

The Bangor papers say that tin pails are very fashionable in that place lately, in early walks.—Occasionally when the stuff slops over, it don't smell half so much like milk as like rum.

On the arrival of the last steamer from Boston, says one of the Portland papers, a very sober-looking rice-cask was rolled upon the wharf, well stuffed with cabbages. An accident befel, when out rolled a few of the cabbages, revealing a barrel of gin. It was Sunday, and a porter's wagon was immediately put into requisition, and the gin and cabbages "toted off."

THE LILY.

SENECA FALLS, N. Y., MARCH, 1852.

SLANDER.

"**SALANDER AND THE DRAGON.**"—Such is the title of a book—an allegorical romance, by the Rev. Mr. Shelton, an Episcopal clergyman of Huntington, L. I. Its purpose is to illustrate the enormity of the vice of *Slander*, and the danger of uttering or lending an ear to unkind words or insinuations.

This book was greatly needed, and Mr. Shelton has done a good work by producing it. The lesson which this sermon teaches is all too true. The monster vice of scandal has done, and is doing great mischief by sowing dissensions, hatred, and sorrow among men; and not unfrequently the victim of it is robbed of all happiness, and even of life itself. Happy is the being who can pass through this world and escape the bitterness which "*Salander*," the imp of Satan, pours into life's cup.

We are delighted with "*SALANDER*," and can find but one thing to object to in the whole book; and that is the idea conveyed that *woman* is the cause of all the mischief done by slander. It is generally supposed, and taught, that women delight in gossip more than men; and that if any wrong is done by tattling she is the wrong doer. This is a subject on which we have wished to speak, and this is a fitting time to do it.

It may be true that women do indulge in the vice of slander more than men. But if they do, it is from no natural propensity for gossiping, but because their intellects are dwarfed, their opportunities for investigation and research limited, their sphere of thought and action circumscribed. The very curiosity and inquisitiveness which is so much condemned in woman, would lead to high scientific research were she permitted and encouraged to thus direct and develop the God-given powers within her. But tell a woman that the kitchen and the nursery bound her sphere—that it is not for her to know aught of the politics of her country, or the laws that govern her—that marriage is the great object in life to which she must look forward, and that this attained, it is not necessary for her to possess more knowledge than will enable her to cook good dinners to pamper the appetite of her lord, and be in all things his obedient slave. Tell her it is not for her to know aught of her husband's business affairs, and that her opinions are not worth heeding on any subject. Tell her that she is a mere cypher in society, created solely to minister to man's wants and pleasures—that she has no right to think or act for herself—that husband and wife are *one*—but that that *one* is the *husband*—in short tell her that she is a being of inferior intellect, and that she is to occupy an inferior and subordinate position in the world, and what more can you expect of her than that she will have a little mind, and become a trifling, nonsensical gossip? The human mind must be active, and the thoughts of woman's heart must find vent in some way; and if the garden of the mind, instead of being highly cultivated and producing a rich harvest of fruits and flowers, is suffered to run to waste, and yields nothing but weeds, briars, and thorns, whose fault is it?

Who is to blame? We can expect nothing but little, contemptible actions, from one whose mind is only occupied with low, groveling thoughts.

"Gossiping," says Miss Weber, "is the bantling of ignorance and idleness; and if there are more female than male gossips it is because the female mind has received least cultivation. An assemblage of uneducated people must either keep their mouths shut, or talk about the peccadilloes and short-comings of their neighbors. Interdict this topic, and you seal their lips." When woman shall be educated properly her conversational powers will be directed to nobler themes."

Let the men who sneer at woman for her gossiping propensity, try the experiment of educating her in all the branches of useful knowledge which themselves explore, and regard and treat her as an intelligent, responsible being, and see what glorious results would be produced. Her mind, stored with rich treasures gleaned from pure fountains, would no longer have room for the loathsome, corroding vice of Slander. She would no longer delight in traducing the character, or exposing the faults of a fellow creature, or permit her ear to drink in the tales of scandal which are now borne on every breeze, and from which few escape.

But we believe with Miss Weber that the despicable habit of gossiping is by no means peculiar to the female sex. Men, too, stoop to this vice, and busy themselves with little matters which do not concern them, and which should be beneath the notice of gentlemen. They do not hesitate to circulate stories derogatory to the character of another, and intended to bring discredit upon the innocent. And especially if the victim of the scandal is a woman, or if a woman is mixed up with it, they seem to take great delight in circulating the base detractions. We have now in our mind instances of this evil propensity in our own village, where stories have been started *without even a shadow of truth for a foundation*—implicating noble-hearted and exemplary persons. And *men* tattled these stories! From mouth to mouth, and from village to village flew the tale, till it came back here from all quarters magnified and exaggerated in the worst possible forms. *Men*, without searching into the truth of the matter, or caring whether it were true or not, told the tale with great glee to all whom they met of their own sex, and made it subject for street and bar-room gossip. Instead of condemning the evil, base-hearted person, who originated the scandal, or who perpetrated the *pretended* mean, cowardly act—instead of frowning down the attempt to defame and injure the innocent, they freely indulged in, and gave wings to the scandal.

It is our opinion—after having ample opportunity to inform ourself on the subject—that whatever gossip women may indulge in over their tea-men, who claim to be our intellectual superiors, are not far behind us in this vice. The only difference is, men gossip at the corners of the streets, at respectable "Holes in the Wall," and at bar-room gatherings, and then carry it home to their wives, while women pour out their scandalous detractions in the home circles of their neighbors and friends.

We hope "*SALANDER AND THE DRAGON*" will have a wide circulation. It is a beautifully writ-

ten, and highly interesting work and should find a place in every family; it cannot fail to do great good.

Published by John S. Taylor, 143 Nassau-street, New York.

OH, WHAT A BEAUTY!

We mean the *Chapeau*, which GENIN of New York has just sent us, begging our acceptance.—A real genuine drab Beaver, elegantly trimmed with plume, and tri-colored ribbon. It sits lightly on the head, and is indeed a beauty, in the judgment of all persons of good taste. We joyfully accept the gift and return our prettiest bow.

GENIN has proved himself worthy of his world-wide popularity, by the taste he has displayed in getting up a hat for ladies, so easy, graceful and becoming.

We learn that this style of hat is becoming popular, and the probability is that they will be worn to considerable extent by both the wearers of long and short dresses. They are particularly suitable to the "new costume," and will no doubt be eagerly sought by those who have adopted it. GENIN will produce a variety of this style in all kinds of *straws* the coming summer, and says he will be always ready to furnish the "crowning glory" of the new costume in the form of as beautiful hats as can be manufactured in the world. We trust his efforts in this respect will be fully appreciated by the women of our country, and that Milliners and Hatters will receive many orders to supply themselves with an assortment of the Genin Hat for ladies, when they make their purchases this spring.

We are proud of our Chapeau, and shall ever bear the donor in loving remembrance for the rich gift so kindly bestowed. We shall hereafter bear our head with a prouder, freer air, than has been our wont, as we toss our plume to the breeze. Don't envy us, ladies, the possession of such a hat; but just send an order to J. N. GENIN, 214 Broadway, New York, and obtain one for yourselves.

THE REFORMED BROTHERHOOD.

This society held their anniversary meeting at the Wesleyan Church on the 17th ult. The members marched through the streets in procession, clad in the regalia of the order, and preceded by a band of music—making an impressive display. The house, though large, was filled to its utmost capacity with men, women and children, all eager to listen to the words of wisdom which might fall from the lips of the Chief of the Cayugas. Mr. Brown enchaind the audience by his usual happy and interesting style of speech for three hours, or more.

In the evening the "Brotherhood," and invited guests, assembled at Concert Hall, where a supper was served which far surpassed in its excellence and variety, and the taste displayed in the arrangement, many which are got up with more pretension and noise. Speeches, and happy, social conversation filled up the time till a late hour, when the company dispersed; all apparently well pleased with the entertainments of the day.

A mother's purity refines the child's heart and manners.

AN INCIDENT.

A remarkable illustration of the harmonious character of "bonds matrimonial" was witnessed yesterday in the Third Municipality. An itinerant organ-grinder had his music-box placed upon a two-wheeled vehicle, and had his wife, a rather pretty looking woman, harnessed to it with a strap, which was attached to the shafts, passing over her shoulders and under her arms. It was a novel sight to see that robust and bearded monster of the masculine gender walking quietly on the sidewalk, (when not engaged in playing,) while his docile little wife pulled the cart which held their common property, from door to door. [New Orleans Picayune.

The above is but a simple proof of the correctness of the position assumed by the friends of woman's rights, and justifies their assertion that woman is regarded by man as his inferior and subject, and treated accordingly. This case being brought more immediately to the notice of the public, excites surprise and horror. But happy, thrice happy is the wife of the organ grinder who can travel over the broad land, enjoy the fresh air, and the bright healthful sunshine—see the beautiful variety of country, and gain much useful information from the people and scenes with which she mingles—happy indeed is she, and light her toil, when compared with the sad lot of the drunkard's wife! Unfortunate one! she must drag out her weary life in the pestilential atmosphere of a dark, damp, dreary cellar, or wretched garret, without sufficient food to satisfy the cravings of hunger, and with scarce rags enough to cover her nakedness. She is subjected to the most brutal treatment from a besotted "bearded monster," turned at midnight into the streets, and forced to seek at the house of a neighbor, shelter and protection from the fury of him who has sworn to protect her, and provide for her comfort. She is compelled to toil harder than a cart-horse to support this monster and his children, and to beg from door to door for cold victuals and old clothes, while he, "the master," is idling away his days in a vile liquor den, and making of himself the most loathsome and despicable object on earth.

Many will affect sympathy for the hard lot of her who is harnessed like a horse to a light cart by her master, but they have little or no sympathy for the thousands of our countrywomen who are compelled to serve more cruel task-masters, submit to far greater indignities, and bear ten-fold greater burdens.

Were we obliged to make choice between drawing an organ cart through the streets, or living with a drunkard, we would submit at once to be harnessed to the cart, and go on our travels with a light and joyous heart—thankful that of two evils we were permitted to make choice of one light, and trivial, compared with the other alternative.

The superiority and authority which the organ grinder assumes over his "docile little wife," is carried out, to a greater or less extent, by men in every class of society, according as they have progressed from a state of barbarism to one of enlightened knowledge.

Even in what is called good society—in the "upper classes," we sometimes see the most heartless, petty tyranny exercised on the one hand, and the most docile submission on the oth-

er. Yea, even those who are called by the world good men, not unfrequently assume this authoritative tone and manner towards their gentle wives; and thus practice the most cruel wrong towards those whom they profess to love, by treating them as subjects, and dictating and controlling their every action. When will man learn to look upon woman as his companion and equal, and acknowledge that she has rights as sacred as his own!

"AMERICAN HYDROPATHIC INSTITUTE."

This Institution, located in the city of New York under the supervision of Dr. and Mrs. Nichols, we are happy to learn is in a flourishing and prosperous condition. The first term of the Institute closed on the 6th of Dec., at which time a Diploma was conferred upon twenty students—nine of whom were ladies. These have gone abroad into the world to proclaim the blessings of cold water, and to redeem mankind from the barbarous system of blistering, bleeding, and poisonous drugging, which has undermined the constitutions of thousands now living, and sent many to premature graves.

Mrs. M. Gove Nichols has been long and extensively known as a physician; and she and her husband deserve great praise for their enterprise in establishing an Institute in which persons of both sexes can be educated in all the sciences necessary to a successful Water Cure practice. Our sympathies and hopes are with the Hydropathic system of medication, and we earnestly long for the day when a thoroughly educated Water Cure physician shall be established in every village and city in the Union.

The Hydropathic Institute is located at 91 Clinton Place, New York—is now in its second term, with eight female students.

Father Chipman, of the Rochester Journal, calls the women's temperance convention recently held in Albany, a "WOMAN'S RIGHTS Convention." Well so it was; and the men's convention held at the same time and place was a MAN'S RIGHTS Convention. We have not seen a full report of the speeches and letters of the men's convention, so cannot say which party out did the other in proclaiming their wrongs and demanding their rights. But as Mr. Chipman has kindly published the proceedings of the women's convention in full, we can speak for their side, and say that the members discharged their duty and performed their parts nobly. If the men acted with equal zeal and determination in the good work, we shall expect to see glorious results flow from the MAN'S RIGHTS and woman's rights Conventions held in Albany on the 28th of January last.

MRS. L. N. FOWLER.—Our citizens had the pleasure of listening to two lectures from this talented lady a few evenings since—one on "The Physical Culture of Woman;" the other, "The Tongue," or "The Voices of Nature." The first was pronounced good, the second beautiful.

We learn from Mrs. F. that the ladies composing her class at the Rochester Medical College during the term just closed, numbered fourteen.

THE CONVENTION.

We hoped to be able this month to lay before our readers Mrs. Vaughan's address to the Woman's Temperance Convention, and also the letters read on that occasion. But much of our paper was in type before we were able to get hold of a copy of them, and then they were all so long that we could not get them into our little paper. We publish Mrs. Stanton's letter, that being the shortest, and may give our own next month. The addresses and letters were published in full in the Rochester Journal.

The temperance women of our state have it in contemplation to hold a series of public meetings during the year; and we believe the Rochester ladies mean to take the lead. If they do, Father Chipman and ourself will be there to keep them straight, and take good care that they do not turn it into a "WOMAN'S RIGHTS Convention."

We know it will be a hard matter to speak of the cruel wrongs inflicted upon woman by the liquor traffic, without at the same time saying that her rights have been trampled upon. It will be difficult to depict the woes of the drunkard's wife—to picture her desolate squalid home; to tell of the wretchedness and want; the cold, hunger and nakedness; the agonizing sorrow, and brutal treatment she has endured, without saying that her rights have been recklessly invaded, and wrongfully withheld. Yet women must bear in mind that when men talk about "the ladies" aiding them in this work, they do not expect them to labor with earnestness and zeal, but only that they will talk over a little wishy-washy, milk-and-water nonsense that will amount to nothing, and do neither good nor hurt. They have no idea of engaging us in strong energetic action. They reserve to themselves the privilege of doing all the big talk about rights &c., and making a great many flourishes which amount to but little.

So, ladies, just don't forget that in your next convention you must not intimate, either by word or action, that women have any rights.

AN APOLOGY.

As Mr. Chipman has thought it necessary to apologize to his readers for publishing the proceedings of the Women's Temperance Convention, the ladies deem an apology due from us for having given a report of the men's convention—for they say it was nothing more nor less than a MAN'S RIGHTS Convention. We can only say that when we consented to publish the report we were not aware that the members held sentiments of a dangerous tendency. We feel confident that whatever evil there may have been in their proceedings, it will, with all right-minded reflecting persons, carry its own antidote.

We hope if any of our readers have drunken husbands they will not fail to read Mrs. Gage's "Tale of Truth" on our first page. It would be well if the example of Mrs. Wells' was extensively followed. If it is right for men to hang around bar-rooms and grogeries, and neglect their families, it is right for women to do so to.—We doubt not that women could reclaim their husbands if they would insist upon their right to share in their pleasures and vices.

Written for the Lily.

KOSSUTH--MADAME KOSSUTH.

I am inclined to the opinion that it is quite injudicious for our friends to importune distinguished strangers, with a desire or hope of committing them upon the question of 'woman's rights'—especially if they be persons who through the weight of individual character will either pro or con, exercise an extended influence. In most cases their influence would be against the cause we seek to benefit—and this for many reasons.

Persons who arrive to that acme of popularity which Kossuth has attained, must retain it by a certain *tact*—and this is well exemplified in the public life of many who have gone forth to the world upon various missions, and have become the idol of the day. There are certain questions which truly are a part of their mission; yet should they name them, their popularity would at once be numbered among the things that were; and this they know full well. Kossuth comes to America on a mission of Freedom; yet he dare not in a public assembly, where he holds the hearts of thousands in his grasp, speak of the two millions of American born subjects who groan in chains.—He may hold his auditors in a nervous enthusiasm of sympathy, by recounting to them the sufferings of the women in Hungary who were mercilessly scourged; but he dare not cap the climax of these bursts of effective eloquence by suggesting to his freedom-loving auditors that women who are scourged in America, may suffer just as much as women who are scourged in Hungary. No, the great Magyar knows his cue too well for that; and he repeatedly declares that his mission is not to "intermeddle with our domestic questions of policy." "Oh! Liberty! what things are done (and left undone) in thy sacred name!"

But to Madame Kossuth. I have carefully noted the opinions of several writers upon Madame Kossuth's reply to the delegation in England, but have been impressed with some ideas regarding it which others have not alluded to.

Does Mrs. Gage, or any other advocate of woman's rights, suppose that Madame Kossuth knows any thing about the laws affecting women in England or America? Very true, she may have some vague notions of the liberties secured to the "people" by the great Magna Charta, and the American Constitution; and what would be very natural to any one—and certainly to a Hungarian—in the simplicity of her faith she might really think that the word "people" translated into her native tongue might mean PEOPLE. But Madame Kossuth has yet to learn that the rights of the people means one thing, and the rights of women means another thing. She has yet to learn that the women of America do not own the clothes they wear; and when she has acquired this lesson, I am very certain that even the eloquence of her "distinguished" husband would fail to impress upon her mind that there is any thing *real* in the fanciful day-dreams upon which he, and some of his brother officers have harped, concerning the blessings of freedom secured to American women.

Madame Kossuth and her countrywomen once enjoyed constitutional liberty in its fullest sense—all that the most ultra woman's rights advocate has ever claimed. What wonder, then, that she should identify Liberty, Freedom, Constitutional Liberty—the rights of the People—the wide spread wings of the American Eagle—the Stars and Stripes, and other favorite terms and emblems of universal liberty, with something tangible and real, of which she has a definite notion? There is not a question in my mind, could Madame Kossuth know the full bearing of the laws to which her interests would be subject in most of the United States should she become a resident here, but that her very soul would revolt at the hopeless, servile, pitiless condition to which she, as a woman—as a mother and a wife, would be chained. It is no argument in favor of this, her unnatural position, that she would feel secure in the

honor of her husband; for the worst contingences of her dependant condition might speedily overtake her in the death of her husband.

Fancy for a moment, Madame Kossuth in some of our States, deprived of husband and children, living upon an estate which must at once be transferred, by the interposition of a neighbor, to administrators. Would not her eyes dilate with indignant wonder to see (as she certainly must) an account made of every minutia of household utensils, and herself put in possession of "one table, six chairs, six knives and forks, six plates, six tea-cups and saucers, one sugar dish, one milk pot, one tea pot, and twelve spoons." Methinks her free spirit might, in its agony, spread its wings towards the ideal halo of glory surrounding the banqueting and salt petre demonstrations of the "material aid" campaign.

But may this never befall her! may she return to her own country blessed with husband and children, and be reinstated in those precious guarantees of liberty which Hungarian women know how to prize, because they have once enjoyed them.

M. A. BRONSON.

EXTRACTED FOR "THE LILY."

"Nobody in particular is to blame for the state in which things are, but I feel that there is something wrong somewhere. Women should have more to occupy their minds—better chances of interesting and profitable occupation than they now possess. Existence never was meant, to be that useless, blank, pale, slow-trailing thing that it is to so many of my sex. Life was given as a blessing, and we were intended to prize and enjoy it, so long as we retain it. Look at the numerous families of girls in this neighborhood—the Armitages, the Sykes, &c. The brothers of these girls are every one in business, or in professions; they have something to do; their sisters have no earthly employment, but household work and sewing; no earthly pleasures but an unprofitable visiting, and no hope in all their life to come, of anything better. This stagnate state of things makes them decline in health; they are never well, and their minds and views shrink to wondrous narrowness. The great wish, the sole aim of every one of them is to be married; but the majority will never marry, they will die as they now live.—They scheme, they plot, they dress to ensnare husbands. The gentlemen turn them into ridicule; they don't want them, they hold them very cheap, they say—I have heard them say it many a time with a sneering laugh—the matrimonial market is overstocked. Fathers say so likewise, and are very angry with their daughters when they see their manœuvres; they order them to stay at home. What do they expect them to do at home? If you ask, they would answer, "sew and cook." They expect them to do this, and this only, contentedly, regularly, uncomplaining, all their lives long, as if they had no germs of faculties for anything else; a doctrine as reasonable to hold, as it would be that the fathers have no faculties but for eating what their daughters cook, or for wearing what their daughters sew. Could men live so themselves? Would they not be weary, very weary? And when there came no relief to their weariness, but only reproaches at its slightest manifestation, would not their weariness ferment in time to phrenzy? Men, fathers and brothers of England can you give women a field in which their faculties may be exercised and grow? Look at your daughters and your sisters, many of them fading around you; dropping off in consumption; or what is worse degenerating into sour old maids—envious, backbiting, wretched, because life is a desert to them; or what is worst of all, reduced to strive by scarce modest coquetry and debasing artifice, to gain that position and consideration by marriage, which to celibacy is denied. Fathers, cannot you alter these things? Perhaps not all at once; but ponder the matter now that they are brought before you; receive it as a theme worthy of thought; do not dismiss it with an idle jest, or an unmanly

insult. You would wish to be proud of your daughters, and not to blush for them—then seek for them an interest and an occupation that will raise them above the flirt, the manœverer, the mischief-making tale bearer. Keep your girls' minds narrow and fettered—they will still be a plague and a care, sometimes a disgrace to you; cultivate them, give them scope and work—they will be intelligent and cheerful companions in health; your tenderest nurses in sickness; your most faithful prop in age." SHIRLEY.

DRESS.

We give below extracts from a few letters recently received on the subject of dress.—We could greatly multiply them had we space to devote to the subject.—[Ed. Lily.]

DEAR MRS. BLOOMER:—Being very much afflicted with a spinal affection, and feeling assured it was aggravated by long-waisted dresses, with heavy skirts, I have adopted your reform style, for common wear, and take pleasure in assuring you that I find it the most comfortable and convenient dress I have ever worn. I have met with nothing, in all the opposition against it, that amounts to a reasonable objection, why women have not the right of private judgment, in deciding what style of dress is most suitable for them.

Yours respectfully, J. F.

"Having but a short time since returned from a tour enjoyed under the favoring influence of Bloomerism, I could not fail to apprise you of the fact, that despite the threatening newspaper paragraphs that it is unsafe to dress thus in public, and the warning voice of many seeming friends, I have traveled from the banks of the far famed and majestic Hudson, to the Queen City of the west, on the banks of the Ohio. Circuitous hath been our route, stopping at the principal cities and places of note—Rochester, Niagara, Cleveland, and various other places; on our return at Pittsburgh, Baltimore, Washington, Philadelphia, and New York. We have worn no other traveling dress, yet the station house hath not claimed us as an inmate, nor the police had occasion to lend their aid. It is true that the cry of "Bloomers" oft greeted our ears, yet many were the noble spirits with whom we communed while absent, that spoke their approval in strengthening and sustaining words."

Yours truly, L.

"I have worn the Bloomer costume since last June and find it well adapted to my wants. I shall never wear any other for a home dress as long as I can hear of another person in America wearing it."

There are but few in this town who have the courage to put it on, yet many *hope* it will become the fashion. I was not aware that long dresses were such an inconvenience until since I have worn the short one; neither did I think that whalebones injured me, or that I dressed tight, until I threw aside the bones and made my dress so that I could inflate my lungs, and give my heart room to beat as it should. I lately put on a dress fitted a year ago, which I then wore with ease, but now it was with difficulty I could get it together, my chest has so expanded. I am going to improve my form by letting nature have its own way.

S. B.

Knowledge is not mental power. The mind is not formed in schools, but in free social action with affairs, interests and temptation, which call forth the exercise of judgment, prudence, reflection, moral restraint, and right principle.

A mass meeting of the Temperance women of Philadelphia, was held in that city on the evening of the 21st ult. An immense assemblage of both sexes were present.

Attempts are making to put the Maine Liquor Law through the Virginia Legislature.

WOMAN'S DRESS.

An Old Doctor's Opinion.

You ask me for my opinion on the subject of practical reform in the dress of women. As I have a habit of speaking out, you shall hear it roundly, and at once. I think that the sooner an alteration and improvement takes place in female attire, the better. I am perfectly aware that vulgar ridicule and conceited prejudice operate powerfully to prevent this being effected, but we have so many instances on record of beneficial discoveries and progressions being the marked objects of scorn and derision when first discussed, that a reflective mind will not be dismayed at the antagonism offered by impertinence or ignorance. I think woman's dress, as at present arranged, is liable to the objections of dirt, danger, discomfort, and most certainly, despite its "Alexandrine length," indelicacy. Woman has two legs as well as man, and it is essential to have them as closely and as separately clothed to insure from cold and undue exposure. I have seen accidents, when a woman might have escaped without serious hurt, had not her instinctive attention been given to replacing her deranged outer garments—she knew she was insecurely covered below, and her anxiety to prevent further exposure was the direct cause of mutilation of body, and often loss of existence. Had she been accustomed to be well cased in some sound material, she would have been less fastidious about showing a leg for a few minutes, and the preservation of limb and life greatly facilitated thereby. I have lately had two female patients, who fell while going up stairs, in consequence of their skirts being too long to admit the possibility of ascending without raising these ridiculous petticoats with one hand. One lady, unfortunately, had her first-born in her arms; the child received a severe concussion of the brain, and the mother dislocated her wrist.

I have been called to attend many with rheumatic affections of the limbs, and internal diseases of the lower organs, when, on inquiry, I have found the patients either entirely without close-fitting habiliments, or wearing those of a flimsy and useless quality, affording no protection whatever against draft or damp. Now, if one of the two sexes must needs go about the world in such an unguarded state of the body, I think we men are most competent to incur the risk attending it, for the higher and more nervous organization of women renders it doubly incumbent on them to be uniformly and carefully wrapped about the extremities.

In making good my charge of "dirt," the world will admit the visible evidence afforded by trailing skirts every dusty or rainy day. I am a tolerable philosopher, and not easily disturbed by trifles, but when I see expensive silks and satins go about doing the work of crossing-sweepers' brooms,—when I see several inches of rich dress trailing through the heterogeneous offensive gatherings of city-streets—when I see shoes and stockings one mass of mud—when I walk in a choking cloud of dust raised by the fair beings around me—really my equanimity gets slightly irritated, and I am inclined to apply a pair of scissors to the "part affected;" and here I can say something of the indelicacy advanced. Women who have a natural respect for common cleanliness, as naturally endeavor to preserve their skirts from contamination, and frequently on a rainy day I have beheld ladies holding their dresses so high, that a most unseemly display was the consequence. Poor things! they were perfectly innocent of the same display, and only exercising a womanly desire to keep "tidy;" but I vow that I have witnessed indelicate exhibitions, from attempts to keep long petticoats out of the mud, that offended good taste and refined feeling more than any reasonable adoption touching Turkish trousers could have done. I have seen women get out of omnibuses on black, sloppy days, when one of two results was impossible to avoid,—either the drapery must serve as a mop to the steps, or there must be a very uncertain

degree of personal exposure; in the first case, there is spoliation of a good dress and great annoyance to the wearer; in the latter, the unavoidable "indelicate" is a subject of grinning delight to any empty headed "gent" who may be passing. It is my opinion that woman's walking robe should be independent of drenched flagstones and filthy puddles. She ought to be able to walk without devoting her sole attention to the bottom of her dress. She ought to be educated with less of false delicacy than to entertain the notion that the supposed possession of locomotive power above the ankles is "shocking," and "improper." Heaven forbid that I should, in the most remote manner, wish to neutralize, the exquisite and charming constituents of woman's real modesty. I have seen too much of the holy worth and moral strength attached to woman's conduct, to be able to do otherwise than worship and respect the innate principles which prompt such exemplification. I am no raving enthusiast seeking to place man and woman in false positions, but I am mentally convinced that woman might be invested with a freer and safer style of attire, without being disqualified for any of her important relations, either as a mother, wife, daughter, sister, or citizen.

Now for the "discomfort;" perhaps this would be best understood by adopting the practical advice of an American lady to a young gentleman who considered his brains and whiskers competent to rule the Solar system: "Just try long petticoats yourself in muddy weather, and see how you like them." We have little doubt that an hour's experience in the drabbling, dirty, trailing garments would lessen the wonder that sensible women should seek some style more pleasant for "getting about" in. Fancy the bliss of walking with dragging, heavy, mud-soaked petticoats flapping against the ankles at every step! Consider how pleasant it is to have the feet thoroughly dredged with dry foul dust on a hot dog-day! Imagine the freedom of running up stairs to the third floor with a candlestick in one hand and some domestic luggage in the other! There is a constriction of limb and action that makes the journey more difficult than a round or two on the treadmill; and then in the mazy dance, what total impossibility of active or healthy freedom do long petticoats cause, when every partner is likely to step on them and produce unlimited rents; what yards of damaged gossamer, and what myriads of "undone gathers" I have observed and pitied! Indeed, I am acquainted with a family of three young ladies who regularly take needle and thread to evening parties, for the express purpose of "sewing each other up." Just cast your eye round a room during the last "gallop," and the chances are that you will behold sufficient tattered and pinned-up flounces to suggest the notion of a genteel game of romps at Rag Fair.

I also believe that long petticoats afford a disgraceful concealment to the feet of slovenly, lazy women, and did we dare to inspect the state in which many keep their "propelling members," we should find trodden down, slipshod, ragged shoes, and unmended, dirty hose to a disreputable extent; and this condition of the feet, and a yawning, half-undone row of "books and eyes" down the back, are points of personal neglect which always mark a slatternly and not too really delicate woman. Men in daily life are invariably neater and better equipped about the feet than women; but if women's garments were short enough to be entirely out of the mud and dust, and yet of a perfectly modest length, ladies would soon be as particular about their shoes and boots as they are now about their collars and cuffs.

During my visits to the Great Exhibition, I had multifold opportunities of witnessing the absurd extent to which the "fashion" of "long petticoats" has been carried. I accidentally trod on the trail muslin of a young lady, and the consequence was a rent some half-yard in length. I apologized, but the girl with frank sense replied, "Don't

name it, sir; ladies wear their dresses so long, that it is impossible to avoid treading on them." A little further on, I observed the skirt of a lady in literal rags at the bottom,—the lining had been pulled and torn into small fragments, and fell beneath the silk in dirty shreds, affording a subject for laughter and contempt to all around, until the gentleman with her begged her to step aside and pin it up, if possible. I happened to be leaving one day when it rained heavily, and the distress of the well-dressed women was pitiable. The bottoms of their dresses seemed the great focus of anxiety, and no wonder. The turning of skirts over shoulders, the tucking up in all manner of mysterious arrangements, and the general venting of disgust at the abomination of "long petticoats," assured me that women have a very keen and impatient sense of the inconvenience inflicted by them; and really the odd and not very decorous display of under-garments and limbs would have been well obviated by a more rational style of walking attire. And let us here say a word on the extravagant outlay incurred by this willful destruction of material.

I have ventured to remonstrate with my daughters sometimes, when they requested a sum of money for "new dresses," and observed that the dresses they were condemning seemed very presentable. "Oh, yes!" was the reply, "they are very good, excepting round the bottom, and they are not fit to be seen there," and sure enough they convinced me of the fact, by exhibiting a collection of soiled and unseemly skirts that offended my vision most sensibly, and a twenty-pound note left my pocket while I poured somewhat fierce anathemas on "long petticoats." I am as proud of seeing my wife and daughters well dressed as any man, but I decidedly object to giving half-a-guinea a yard for silk to sweep the streets with. Thus, we see that "long petticoats" are alike objectionable either in the promenade or polka, and ought to be discarded by rational women as one of those excrescences of Fashion which so often disfigure what Nature made perfect and beautiful. I firmly believe that these ridiculous long petticoats were first employed by some high born child of physical misfortune, who had swollen legs or deformed feet transmitted with the same blood that claimed a coronet, and thus were primitively worn, on the same principle as the stiff, high, abominable stocks exhibited by men some half century since were—that of hiding an offensive ugliness; but why the well turned ankles and neat feet of the majority of women should be shrouded in dirty trolloping drapery, and why the want of healthy liberty of action and personal comfort should be thrust on the whole sex on such a score, only the obstinate and silly prejudice of Fashion can explain.

There is not the slightest occasion for women to be dressed like men; but I contend that flowing skirts of reasonable length, with trousers, full or otherwise, to the ankle, would be infinitely superior in every way to the nasty, uncomfortable, dirty, "long petticoats," now in vogue, most strenuously observing, at the same time, that the body be habited loosely and freely, and I am convinced that this reform would afford exhibitions of elegance far beyond anything the present system can show. [Eliza Cook's Journal.]

THE LILY:

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